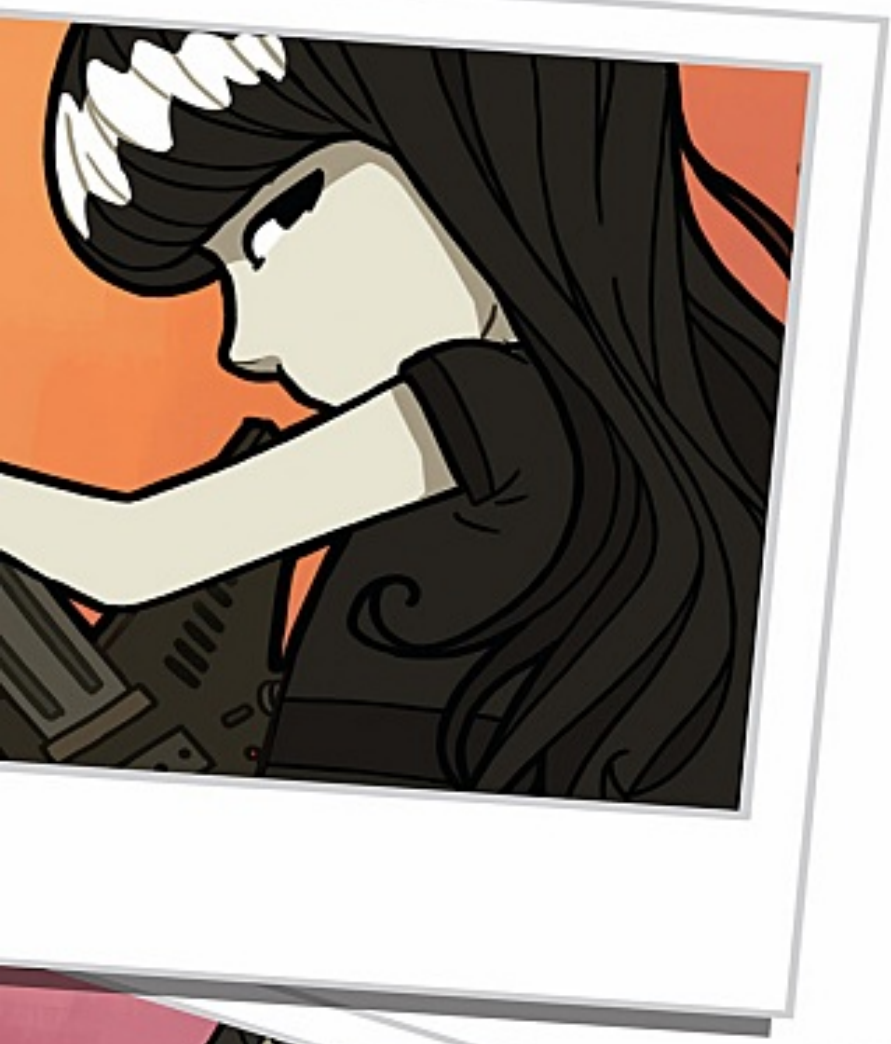
DARK HORSE COMICS
#1
$3.99
Emily
AND the Strangers
Rob Reger
Mariah Huehner
Emily Ivie

Emily® and the Strangers #1 of 3



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My mind is a terrible thing to waste.
Which is why I cram it with odds, ends, and all the best kind of brain junk.
Unfortunately, today I'm having the drappliest day ever.
Not 'cause I don't have any ideas. That'd be EASY.
Today, I have too MANY.

MY TIME MACHINE, FOR INSTANCE, IS ZORKED.
IT WORKS, JUST NOT HOW IT'S SUPPOSED TO. IT SHOULD BE A WAY-WAY-BACK MACHINE...
...BUT IT JUST DISAPPEARS AND REAPPEARS EVERY FIVE SECONDS. IMPOSSIBLE TO FIX UNLESS IT STOPS.
THEN THERE WERE MY CALCULATIONS ON THE "EVERYTHING SHOULD BE BLUE" THEOREM, WHICH SHOULD HAVE BEEN SIMPLE ENOUGH...
...BUT IT KEEPS TURNING THINGS PINK INSTEAD.
STABILIZER
POWER
NEEDS THICKER LENSES
ACTIVATION PEDAL
HYDRAULIC LIFTS
RUBBER SOLES
I JUST WANT TO COME UP WITH A REALLY BIG IDEA. SOMETHING SO INSANE, SO ZORKING AMAZING, IT WOULD TAKE OVER THE WORLD.
OR AT LEAST KEEP ME BUSY FOR A FEW DAYS.

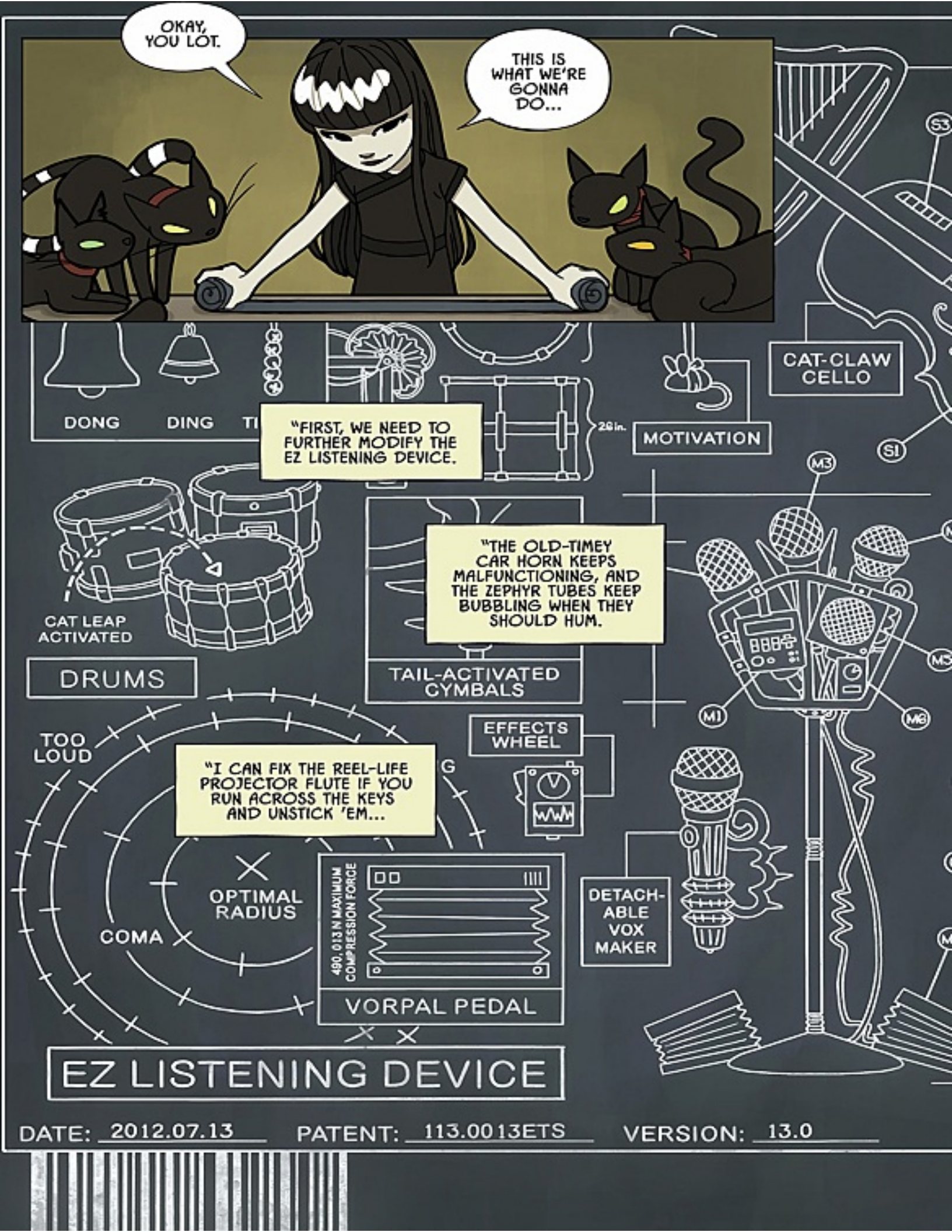
I NEED MY THINKING CAP.
IF THIS DOESN'T WORK...
...I'LL HAVE TO START ASKING THE CATS FOR IDEAS.
SO GIMME SOMETHING TOASTY, BRAIN SCRAMBLER.
OOH...
FRRRZZZ
SABBATH!
FSSSS
SPLTTL
GREAT, ANOTHER COMPLETE ZORKING FAILURE.

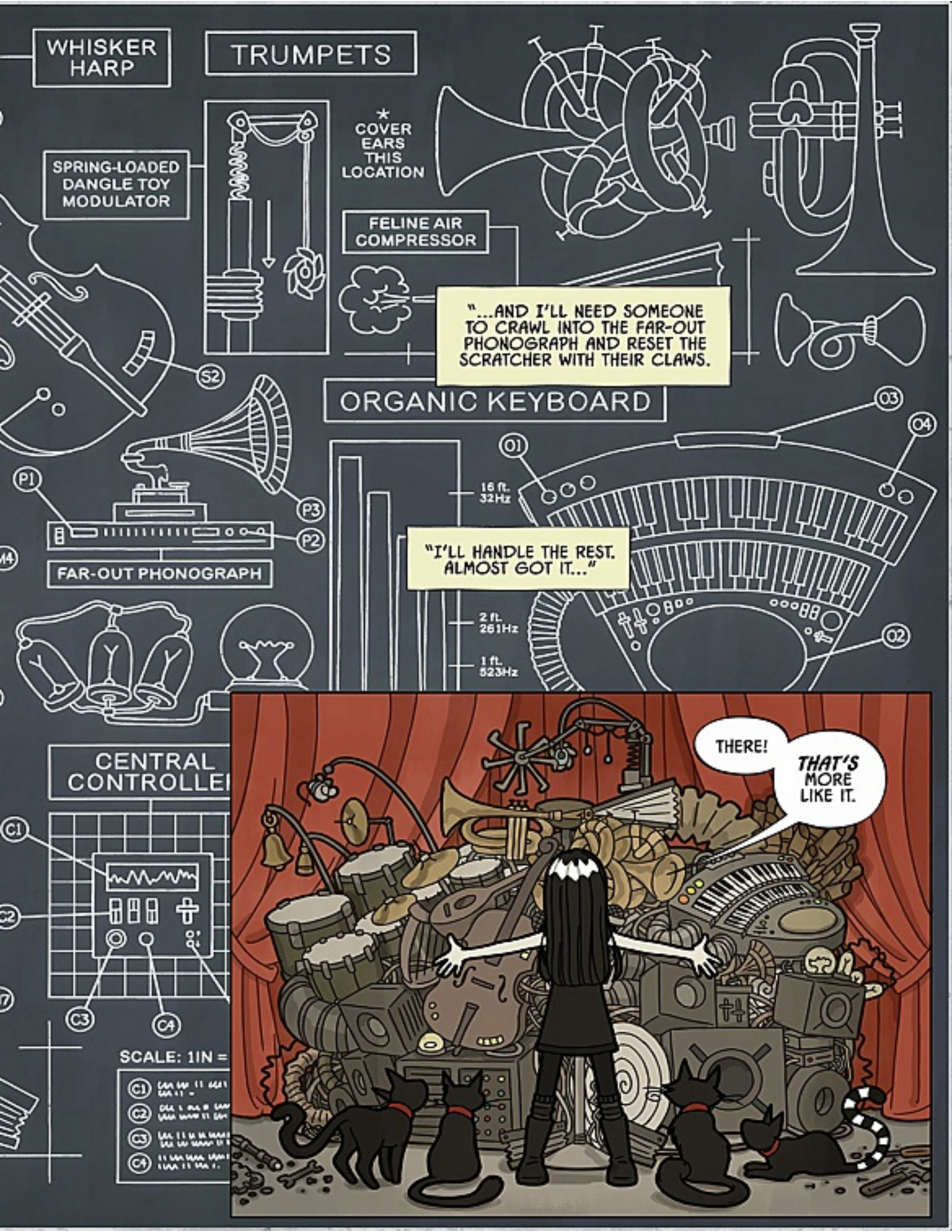
YOU'RE GONNA END UP FRIED ONE OF THESE DAYS, CAT.
MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL AND HELP ME, OR SCRAM.
AND WHY DID IT SHOW ME AN OCTOPUS?
I ALREADY HAVE ONE, AND I MADE THAT CEPHALOPODACULAR LAST MONTH...
HM. MAYBE IF I TWEAK THE WAVEFORMS I CAN HACK INTO A SATELLITE.
ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW WHAT THEY TALK ABOUT ON JUPITER...
...AND IF I CAN TAP INTO THE ZAPS FROM THESE ELECTRIC JELLIES...

JUST A FEW MORE ADJUSTMENTS AND THEN--
KRASSHH!
BOOM!
THUD!
FOR THE LOVE OF PHYSICS--
SABBATH, I DUNNO WHAT TO DO WITH YOU.
GOTTA CLEAN THIS MESS UP BEFORE IT CRAWLS AWAY...

OKAY, OVER THERE, AND THEN THE COMPRESSORS SHOULD BE PILED HERE...
...AND MAKE SURE YOU FIND ALL THE WINGNUTS AND SLAM BOLTS...
...THINK THAT'S EVERYTHING. I WONDER IF...
ON
CLIK
--THAT'S RIGHT, THREE FULL HOURS OF PROFESSA KRAKEN'S FINAL ALBUM, THE END IS BEAUTIFUL, COMING UP NEXT!
LOTS OF MYSTERY STILL SURROUNDS HIS DEATH, AND WE HAVE A VERY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT COMING UP AFTER THIS ROCKIN' BLOCK. THIS IS DJ ECLECTIC! STAY TUNED!
ON THE SHORES OF A...DISTANT CITY... I...WAS STRANGER THAN... THE STRANGE...
GOOD CALL, SABBATH.
PROFESSA KRAKEN IS THE BEST MUSICIAN OF ALL TIME. PERFECT TO GET THE CREATIVE JUICES FLOWING.

♫...FLY DOWN... FLY DOWN... STRAIGHT INTO THE BLUE... ♪
YOU KNOW, THEY SAY THAT PROFESSA K "DIED" UNDER BIZARRE CIRCUMSTANCES.
THEY SAY THIS ALBUM HOLDS THE SECRET OF WHERE HE REALLY WENT.
WISH I COULD'VE MET HIM.
TOOLS
♪...SO WE END AND WE BEGIN... BUT THE BEAT NEVER DIES... ♫
AND THAT'S THE END OF THE INEFFABLE PROFESSA KRAKEN'S FINAL ALBUM!
NOW, OUR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!
WE HAPPEN TO HAVE, IN OUR HOT LITTLE HANDS, THE HAUNTED GUITAR OF PROFESSA K HIMSELF!
WHAT'S MORE, WE'RE HOLDING A CONTEST FOR ALL YOU BUDDING ROCK GODS AND GODDETTES. SEND US A TAPE OF YOUR BEST, MOST ROCKIN' SONG BY THIS FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH, AND I WILL PERSONALLY SELECT THE WINNING ENTRY THIRTEEN DAYS LATER. IF YOU WIN, YOU'LL GET YOUR PAWS ON THE GREATEST GUITAR OF ALL TIME! IF YOU LOSE, WELL, TOUGH LUCK.
THAT GUITAR IS SO MINE.


OKAY, YOU LOT.
THIS IS WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO...
DONG
DING
TI
"FIRST, WE NEED TO FURTHER MODIFY THE EZ LISTENING DEVICE.
26in.
MOTIVATION
CAT-CLAW CELLO
S3
S1
M3
CAT LEAP ACTIVATED
DRUMS
"THE OLD-TIMEY CAR HORN KEEPS MALFUNCTIONING, AND THE ZEPHYR TUBES KEEP BUBBLING WHEN THEY SHOULD HUM.
TAIL-ACTIVATED CYMBALS
M1
M6
M5
EFFECTS WHEEL
TOO LOUD
"I CAN FIX THE REEL-LIFE PROJECTOR FLUTE IF YOU RUN ACROSS THE KEYS AND UNSTICK 'EM...
G
OPTIMAL RADIUS
COMA
490.013 N MAXIMUM COMPRESSION FORCE
VORPAL PEDAL
DETACH-ABLE VOX MAKER
EZ LISTENING DEVICE
DATE: 2012.07.13
PATENT: 113.0013ETS
VERSION: 13.0


WHISKER HARP
TRUMPETS
SPRING-LOADED DANGLE TOY MODULATOR
* COVER EARS THIS LOCATION
FELINE AIR COMPRESSOR
"...AND I'LL NEED SOMEONE TO CRAWL INTO THE FAR-OUT PHONOGRAPH AND RESET THE SCRATCHER WITH THEIR CLAWS.
ORGANIC KEYBOARD
S2
P1
P2
P3
FAR-OUT PHONOGRAPH
"I'LL HANDLE THE REST. ALMOST GOT IT..."
16 ft. 32Hz
2 ft. 261Hz
1 ft. 523Hz
O1
O2
O3
O4
CENTRAL CONTROLLER
C1
C2
C3
C4
SCALE: 1IN =
THERE!
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.

MROWR?
I LIKE TO WING IT ON THE LYRICS. YOU KNOW THAT.
READY?
...ONE... TWO...TEN... THIRTEEN!
RECORD
WROOWLLLL!
BLORSH!
KRAKOOOOM!
BAHOOOOGA!
AH! STOP! THIS IS ALL WRONG!
MAYBE WE'D BETTER TRY IT THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.
♪ EVERYBODY'S TRYIN' TO GET MY ATTENTION--BUT I'M UPSTAIRS WITH MY NEW INVENTION--TUNING OUT GOSSIP AND CHATTER-- LOUD AND CLEAR NOTHING ELSE MATTERS ♫

1
2
THE DEADLINE LOOMS.
5
6
7
8
9
ONLY A FEW HOURS TO GO...
10
11
12
13
Comic Deadline
I JUST CAN'T GET THE MASTERING RIGHT!
IT STILL NEEDS... SOMETHING.
MORE COWBELL? NO. MORE HOWLING? NO...
JUST WANT IT TO BE PERFECT...
COPY
PRIMARY
YAWN
ENERGY... WANING...
C'MON, BRAIN...KEEP IT FRESH. KEEP IT...SPARKY...
MAYBE IT JUST NEEDS... MORE...BUZZ... ZZZZZZ ZZ...
ZZZZ...

KRASSHH!
BLAMBOTS SWERZERKIT PIANO!
WHAT... WHAT WAS THAT?
OH... NO...
OKAY, GOTTA TAKE STOCK.
CATS GONE MAD, CHECK.
LAB A MESS FROM SOME KIND OF CAT PARTY, CHECK.
EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE...THE TAPES WILL BE FINE... THE TAPES HAVE TO BE FINE...
...OR SPECTACULARLY NOT.
FLABBERFARK! I HAVE TO BE AT THE STUDIO IN THIRTEEN MINUTES!
WHEN I GET BACK, CATS, WE ARE HAVING A SERIOUS TALK ABOUT WHAT'S MINE--AND WHAT'S ALSO MINE.

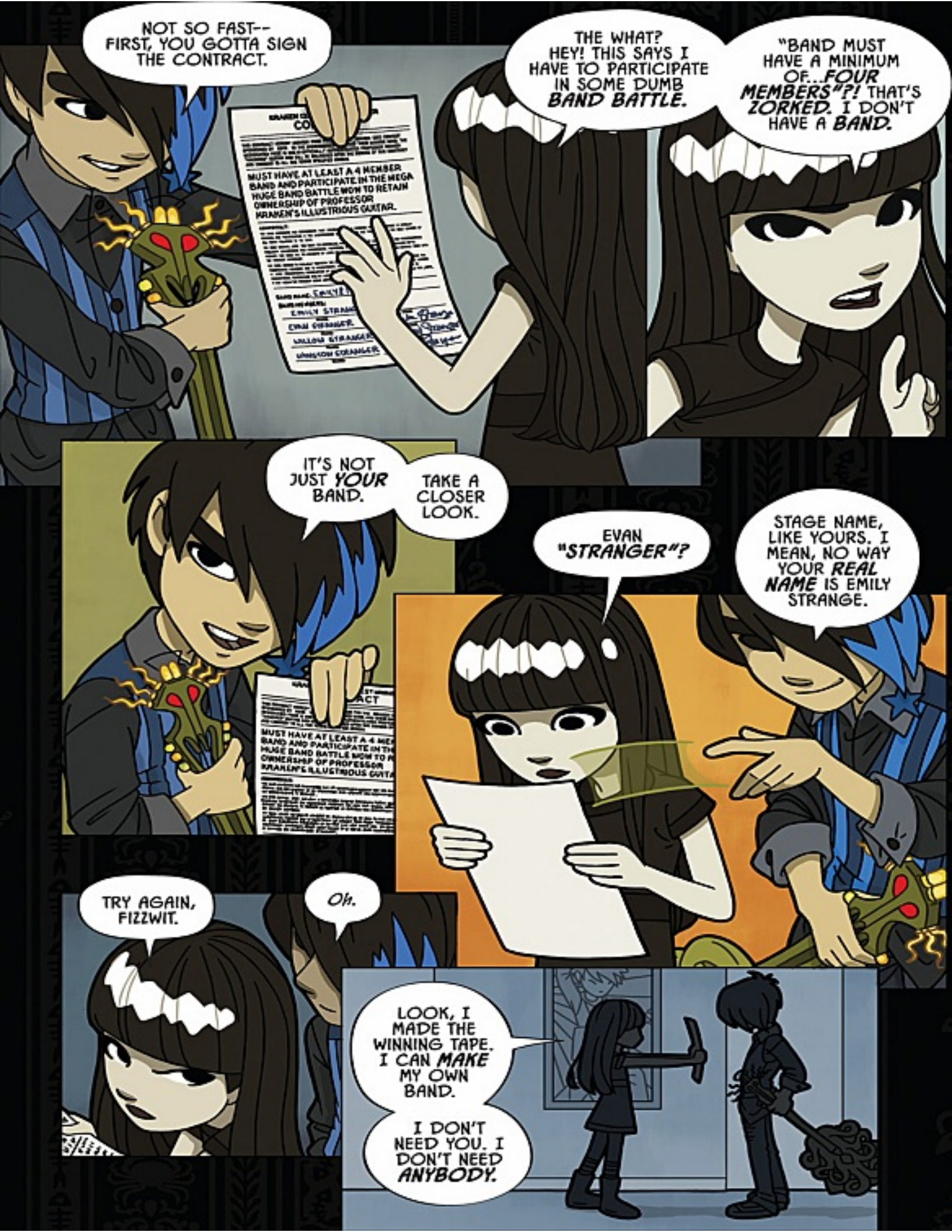
WHAT IS THIS, SOME KINDA CAT MARDI GRAS?
OUT. ALL OF YOU. OUT.
HOW MANY OF YOU ARE IN HERE, ANYWAY?
NEVER MIND. NO TIME.
AH, DUCT TAPE, THE DIY-ER'S SILVERY SAVIOR.
"LIKE THE WIND, EMILY. BE THE SKATEBOARD."
ALMOST THERE! I'M GONNA MAKE IT!
THIRTEEN SECONDS LEFT!
KSTR RADIO
C'MON, BOARD, JUST A LITTLE-- HEY!
SKREECH!

WHOA! WHERE'D THE GROUND GO?
KST
RADI
OPEN
STUPID TRUCK!
DRAPPLES!
OOF!
SLAM!
OUCH!
CRASH!
OW.
OOF. WHAT A YARD SALE.
WHERE'S MY TAPE? IT CAN'T HAVE WALKED AWAY...
NO TAPE-EATING MONSTERS IN SIGHT. NO RAVENING ZOMBIE HORDES. THAT HORRIBLE TRUCK MUST'VE CRUSHED IT.
ALL THAT WORK...FOR NOTHING.

IF I EVER SEE THAT TRUCK AGAIN...
...LET'S JUST SAY I'LL HAVE FOUND A NEW USE FOR THE GET-LOST GOOZOOKA.
EMPLOYEES ONLY
MROOOWL!
MROOWWL!
FOR ME? HUH...

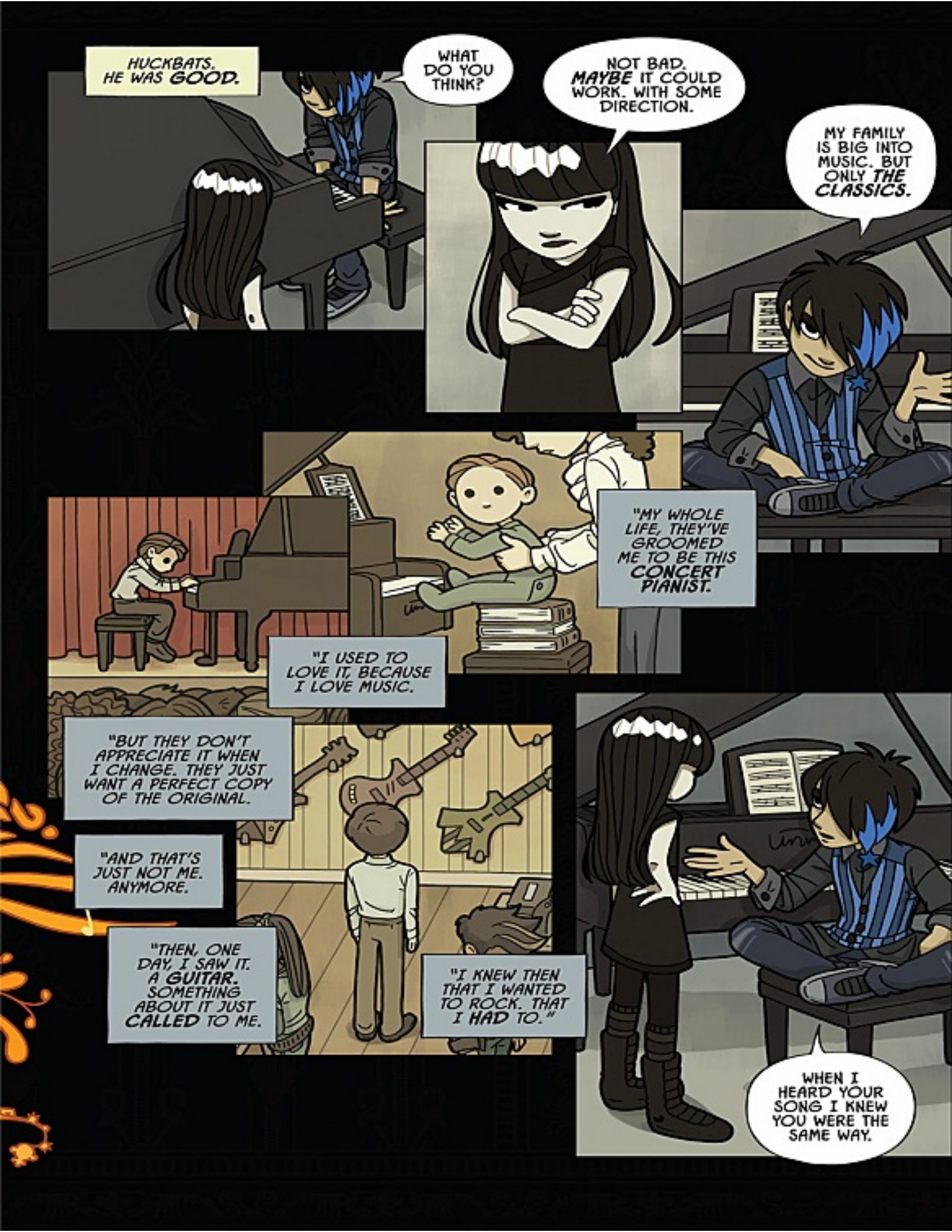
...A TOTAL DISASTER, SABBATH. NEXT TIME YOU TRY FOR THE WORLD'S LARGEST CAT "DOGPILE," DO IT OUTSIDE.
MAN...I REALLY WANTED THAT HAUNTED GUITAR...
STILL, PLENTY TO DO!
ONLY THOUGHT ABOUT THAT TENTACULAR GUITAR FIVE TIMES TODAY.
SOON, I WON'T THINK ABOUT IT AT ALL.
STILL NEVER QUITE GOT THE SOUND RIGHT...
CLIK
⇒ZARRRPPPP⇐
⇒ZZZZSSSCH⇐
...STRANGER...
AND NOW IT'S TIME TO PLAY THE WINNING PROFESSA KRAKEN CONTEST SONG!
⇒ZZARRR⇐---BY---⇒ZRRRK⇐
EMILY THE---⇒ZVVVVKK⇐---
AND---⇒ZZZZZZSKKK⇐
♪EVERYBODY'S TRYIN' TO GET MY ATTENTION♪
♪BUT I'M UPSTAIRS WITH MY NEW INVENTION...♫
THAT'S... MY SONG!
BUT THE MIX SOUNDS... DIFFERENT.
SOMETHING IN THE BACKGROUND... WHAT IS THAT?
AND NOW THE FINE PRINT! TO CLAIM PROFESSA KRAKEN'S HAUNTED GUITAR, YOU AND YOUR BAND MUST BE REGISTERED FOR THE UPCOMING MEGA HUGE BAND BATTLE, AND
CAUTION
WHATEVER. I GOTTA GET THAT GUITAR!

HELLO? ANYONE THERE?
I'M EMILY. I WON THE PROFESSA KRAKEN CONTEST. I'M HERE TO COLLECT.
RECORDING
COME ON BACK, PLEASE, MS. STRANGE.
JUST DOWN THE HALL.
YOU SOUND DIFFERENT ON THE RADIO, DJ ECLECTIC.
WHAT'S GOING ON?
DJ E LIKES TO BE HEARD AND NOT SEEN.
I'M EVAN. THE INTERN.
I'M THE ONE WHO... FOUND YOUR TAPE.
WHERE'S THE GUITAR?
RIGHT HERE, OF COURSE.
OH. WOW.
YOURS, FAIR AND...
...WELL... NOT SQUARE, EXACTLY, BUT DJ PICKED YOUR SONG OUT OF DOZENS.
IT WAS LIKE IT WAS HUMMING TO ME, WITH A WARM, CRACKLY, SPARKLEVASTIC VOICE.
IT MADE THE HAIRS ON MY ARMS STAND UP. IT WAS BEAUTIFUL.


NOT SO FAST-- FIRST, YOU GOTTA SIGN THE CONTRACT.
MUST HAVE AT LEAST A 4 MEMBER BAND AND PARTICIPATE IN THE MEGA HUGE BAND BATTLE WON TO RETAIN OWNERSHIP OF PROFESSOR KRANKEN'S ILLUSTRIOUS GUITAR.
THE WHAT? HEY! THIS SAYS I HAVE TO PARTICIPATE IN SOME DUMB BAND BATTLE.
"BAND MUST HAVE A MINIMUM OF...FOUR MEMBERS"?! THAT'S ZORKED. I DON'T HAVE A BAND.
IT'S NOT JUST YOUR BAND.
TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.
EVAN "STRANGER"?
STAGE NAME, LIKE YOURS. I MEAN, NO WAY YOUR REAL NAME IS EMILY STRANGE.
TRY AGAIN, FIZZWIT.
Oh.
LOOK, I MADE THE WINNING TAPE. I CAN MAKE MY OWN BAND.
I DON'T NEED YOU. I DON'T NEED ANYBODY.

WELL, I DID SAVE YOUR TAPE FROM THE ALLEY. IT WAS THIRTEEN SECONDS LATE, BUT I SNUCK IT INTO THE LINEUP.
AND DIDN'T YOU NOTICE SOMETHING... EXTRA WHEN YOU HEARD IT ON THE RADIO?
SOMETHING WAS DIFFERENT. A MELODY. WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY SONG?!
I'LL TELL YOU IF YOU SIGN.
YOU HAVE TO. PLEASE. WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER NOW--IT'S ALL OR NOTHING.
HE WAS RIGHT, ALTHOUGH I WASN'T GONNA TELL HIM THAT.
AND I REALLY WANTED... NO, I NEEDED THAT GUITAR.
IT WAS CALLING TO ME.
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO CONVINCE ME, 'CAUSE RIGHT NOW ALL I WANNA DO IS HIT YOU OVER THE HEAD.
DON'T PRETEND YOU DON'T WANT THIS GUITAR.
I'M NOT. I JUST DON'T WANT YOU.
TOO BAD--WE'RE A PACKAGE DEAL.

I WANT TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU DID TO MY TAPE. NOW.
SURE-- I'LL SHOW YOU.
IT WAS THIS. I JUST TWEAKED IT A BIT IN THE MIX.
I'VE BEEN PLAYING SINCE I WAS THREE.
YEAH? THEN PLAY SOMETHIN' FOR ME. PLAY...
...CHOPIN'S NOCTURNE.
WHICH ONE?
ALL OF THEM.
THERE ARE TWENTY-ONE.
YEP. GET CRACKIN', MAESTRO.
IT STARTED OFF CLASSIC, PRECISE, AND BORING.
BUT THEN HE DID SOMETHING--STARTED RIFFING WITHOUT LOSING THE THREAD OF THE ORIGINAL.


HUCKBATS. HE WAS GOOD.
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
NOT BAD. MAYBE IT COULD WORK. WITH SOME DIRECTION.
MY FAMILY IS BIG INTO MUSIC. BUT ONLY THE CLASSICS.
"MY WHOLE LIFE, THEY'VE GROOMED ME TO BE THIS CONCERT PIANIST.
"I USED TO LOVE IT, BECAUSE I LOVE MUSIC.
"BUT THEY DON'T APPRECIATE IT WHEN I CHANGE. THEY JUST WANT A PERFECT COPY OF THE ORIGINAL.
"AND THAT'S JUST NOT ME. ANYMORE.
"THEN, ONE DAY, I SAW IT. A GUITAR. SOMETHING ABOUT IT JUST CALLED TO ME.
"I KNEW THEN THAT I WANTED TO ROCK. THAT I HAD TO."
WHEN I HEARD YOUR SONG I KNEW YOU WERE THE SAME WAY.

I GUESS THAT'S TRUE. AND ONCE I START SOMETHING, I SEE IT THROUGH.
BUT I'M NOT BIG ON THE WHOLE GROUP THING.
I LIKE THINGS MY WAY. BY MYSELF.
I GET THAT. I'M A PERFECTIONIST TOO.
BUT I FOUND WHAT WAS MISSING FROM YOUR SONG. YOU KNOW I DID.
SO, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD SIGN THAT NOW?
PLEASE?
I CAN'T... NO, SCRATCH THAT. I WON'T PROMISE ANYTHING.
I'M IN.
FOR NOW.
BUT I DO NOT PLAY WELL WITH OTHERS.
BAND NAME: Emily & The Strangers
BAND MEMBERS:
To Be Continued...

THE STRANGE EXCHANGE

Salutations, Strangers!

Happy New Year! How's 2013 treating you so far? I'm pretty excited about it, although I'm still trying to figure out how to pull off a 13/13/13 party when there are only twelve months. There's gotta be an extra lying around somewhere. Let me know if you see it.

But the best thing about a new year—and the dark dismal heart of January—is that it's perfect weather for staying in to check out the cool new stuff we've got flying around Emily Central (and no, I don't mean the cats, although I will be having a serious talk with whoever gave them those jetpacks). And you've already got a head start, 'cause you've stumbled across the sweetest new piece of 2013: this brand new Emily series—the first ever in full color!—with a brand new cowriter (the marvelous Mariah Huehner), a brand new artist (the excellent—and eponymous—Emily Ivie), and a brand new editor (Hi!). There's some rad new swag, too—variant covers and pull-out posters by rock-poster legends R. Black, Winston Smith, and Cynthia von Buhler—and a new supporting cast (you'll meet most of them next issue).

Because it's a new series, we've only got one letter this go 'round—but if you're only going to have one, this is the one to have:

Emily,

The people are waiting to hear your music! The immortal words of Count Dracula—"I've got rock 'n' roll in my blood"—come to mind, because you have talent, and because you remind me of Dracula. Don't let critics stop you from being you, and setting fire to the world with your . . . music. Yes, definitely your music. Don't use anything else to set fire to the world, because that would be really bad. Anyway, I've seen some of your promotional posters (cleverly marketed as "covers" for comic books) and they are amazing, just like you! So keep rockin'!

Your fan,
Reed Beebe
Kansas City, Missouri

Reed, have you by any chance been listening to Dracula: The Rock Opera?

There is a suspicious dearth of built-in pyrotechnics in Emily's musical gear this series. My theory is that she's saving 'em for the tour (that is, if she can play well with others long enough to make it that far, which is far from a sure thing)—but only Rob, Mariah, and Emily I. know for sure.

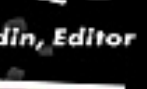
Those posters might be my favorite part of the series, but then, there's Emily I.'s impossibly gorgeous art, and Rob and Mariah's story, and the main covers, and . . .

Huckbats, I like this comic book. And it only gets better from here: Next issue, you'll finally get to meet Winston, and Willow, and Raven, and you'll never believe what they . . .

. . . Well, you'll see. Gotta save something for February!

Meanwhile, drop us a line to let us know what you think of Emily's new look—or send us your best Emily and the Strangers poster design!

Rock On,



Rachel Edidin, Editor

Meet the band in EMILY AND THE STRANGERS #2 ON SALE 2/27/2013.

WRITE TO US AT:
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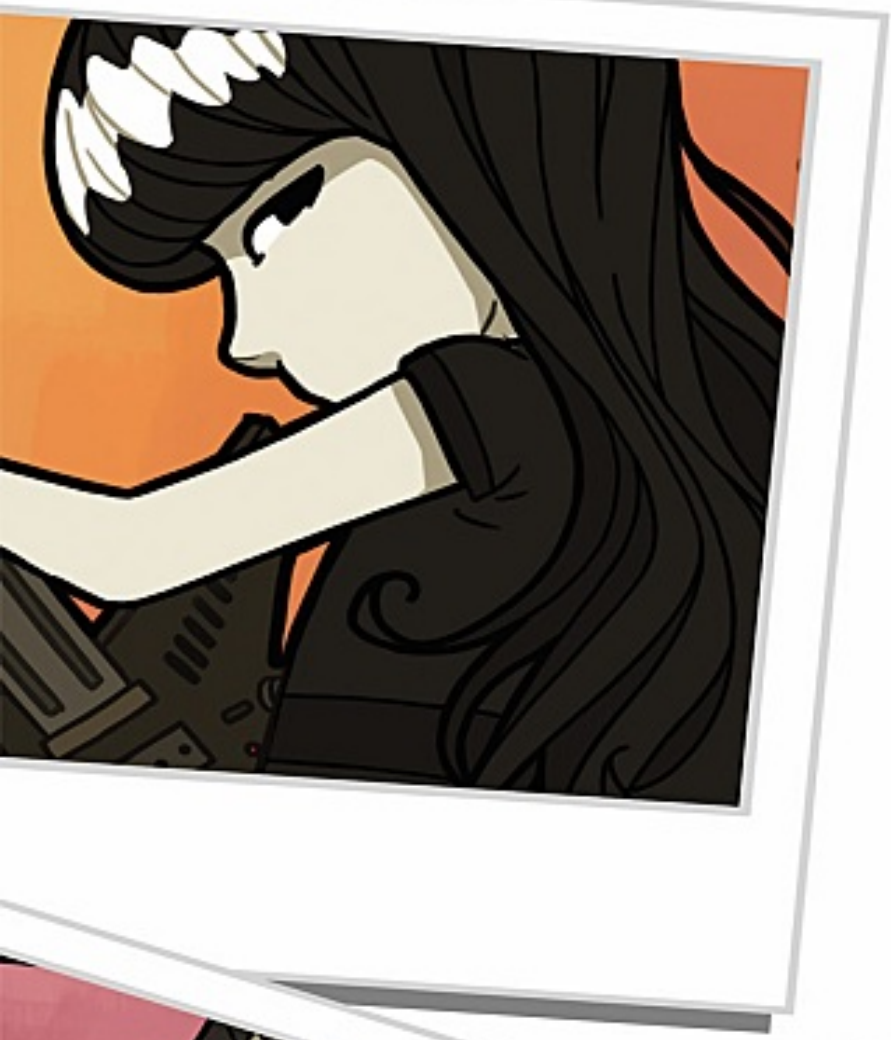

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I'M EMILY THE STRANGE. INVENTOR, ROCKER, TROUBLE-MAKER, OCCASIONAL CAT WRANGLER, AND ALWAYS AWESOME.
LATELY I'VE BEEN A BIT MEH. NO SPARK. NO CHALLENGES.
RIGHT UP UNTIL I ENTERED A ROCK SONG RADIO CONTEST.
I WON, OF COURSE.
THE PRIZE WAS THE GUITAR OF MUSIC LEGEND PROFESSA KRAKEN. AN IDOL OF MINE.
TYPICALLY, THERE WAS A SNAG. THIS TIME IT WAS THIS GUY, EVAN STRANGER.
IN ORDER TO KEEP THE GUITAR, I GOTTA FORM A BAND. WITH HIM.
I GUESS IT'S TIME TO FIND OUT IF I CAN PLAY WELL WITH OTHERS...

IF YOU CATS HAD OPPOSABLE THUMBS, YOU'D BE CLEANING UP THIS MESS.
BUT I WANT THIS DONE FAST.
ZZZZRRP!
THIS WHOLE FLABBERFARKING THING IS YOUR FAULT, Y'KNOW.
AND NOW I HAVE TO GET THIS SORTED BEFORE BAND PRACTICE.
WITH MY NEW ZORKING BAND.
DONE! GET IN THERE, SCRUBBOT.
DRAPPLES! TIME FOR BAND PRACTICE.
NEECHEE, YOU'RE IN CHARGE. DON'T MAKE ME REGRET IT.

PROFESSA KRAKEN'S GUITAR HUMS EVEN WHEN NO ONE IS PLAYING IT.
IT'S ALMOST LIKE IT'S ALIVE.
GOTTA MAKE SURE EVAN UNDERSTANDS I'M IN CHARGE. HE SEEMS LIKE THE BOSSY TYPE.
HUH. MORE STRAYS.
THIS IS GETTING WEIRD. WHERE ARE ALL YOU FUZZBALLS COMING FROM?
AND NOW I'M LATE! HUCKBATS!
WHATEVER. IT'S NOT LIKE THEY CAN START WITHOUT ME.
WHOA.

INTERESTING DIGS.
NO WONDER HE'S SO UPTIGHT.
BZZT!
HELLO?
IT'S EMILY. BUZZ ME IN, ALREADY.
BRRZZT!
NOW ENTERING THE TWILIGHT ZONE.

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.
BAND PRACTICE
MAYBE THIS WON'T TOTALLY SUCK.
YO. WHERE DO I SET UP?
EMILY! IT'S SO COOL TO MEET YOU! I'M WILLOW, AND THIS IS MY BROTHER, WINSTON.
GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT.
WE LOVED YOUR SONG. I CAN'T WAIT TO GET STARTED. DO YOU LIKE BILLIE HOLIDAY? I THOUGHT MAYBE--
WILLOW, GIVE HER A CHANCE TO SETTLE.
RIGHT, RIGHT, SORRY!
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT TIME IT IS?

TIME TO GET STARTED?
YOU'RE OVER TWENTY MINUTES LATE!
SO?
WE'VE ALL GOT SOME IDEAS, BUT OF COURSE, WE SHOULD PROBABLY TALK ABOUT THE SONG YOU WANT TO DO FIRST AND--
WE NEED A PLAN.
I LIKE TO WING IT.
LOOK, EMILY, I KNOW YOU'RE USED TO DOING THINGS YOUR OWN WAY--
I'M USED TO DOING THINGS THE RIGHT WAY.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA, KID. BUT YOU'LL LEARN.
HEY, WILLOW. STICK THIS OVER BY THE EDGE OF THE STAGE.
NOW, YOU, FLIP THAT SWITCH.

I THINK WE NEED TO KEEP THIS SIMPLE. WE DON'T NEED ANY FANCY GADGETS OR WHATEVER *THAT* THING IS.
WHY DON'T YOU RELAX FOR A SEC AND LET ME DO MY THING?
WHAT IS YOUR "THING," EXACTLY?
ROCKIN' OUT.
DID YOU MISS THE *MEMO*?
WE NEED A LITTLE MORE TO WORK WITH THAN THAT.
JUST TRY AND KEEP UP, OKAY?
WHAT DO YOU THINK, SHOULD I GO ARMSTRONG, DIZZY? MAYBE BIG BAND CALLOWAY?
EH, ALL SOUNDS THE SAME TO ME.
WINSTON, THAT'S RIDICULOUS. HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF I TOLD YOU ALL YOUR STUFF SOUNDS LIKE NOISE?
STOKED!
NOT HELPING.

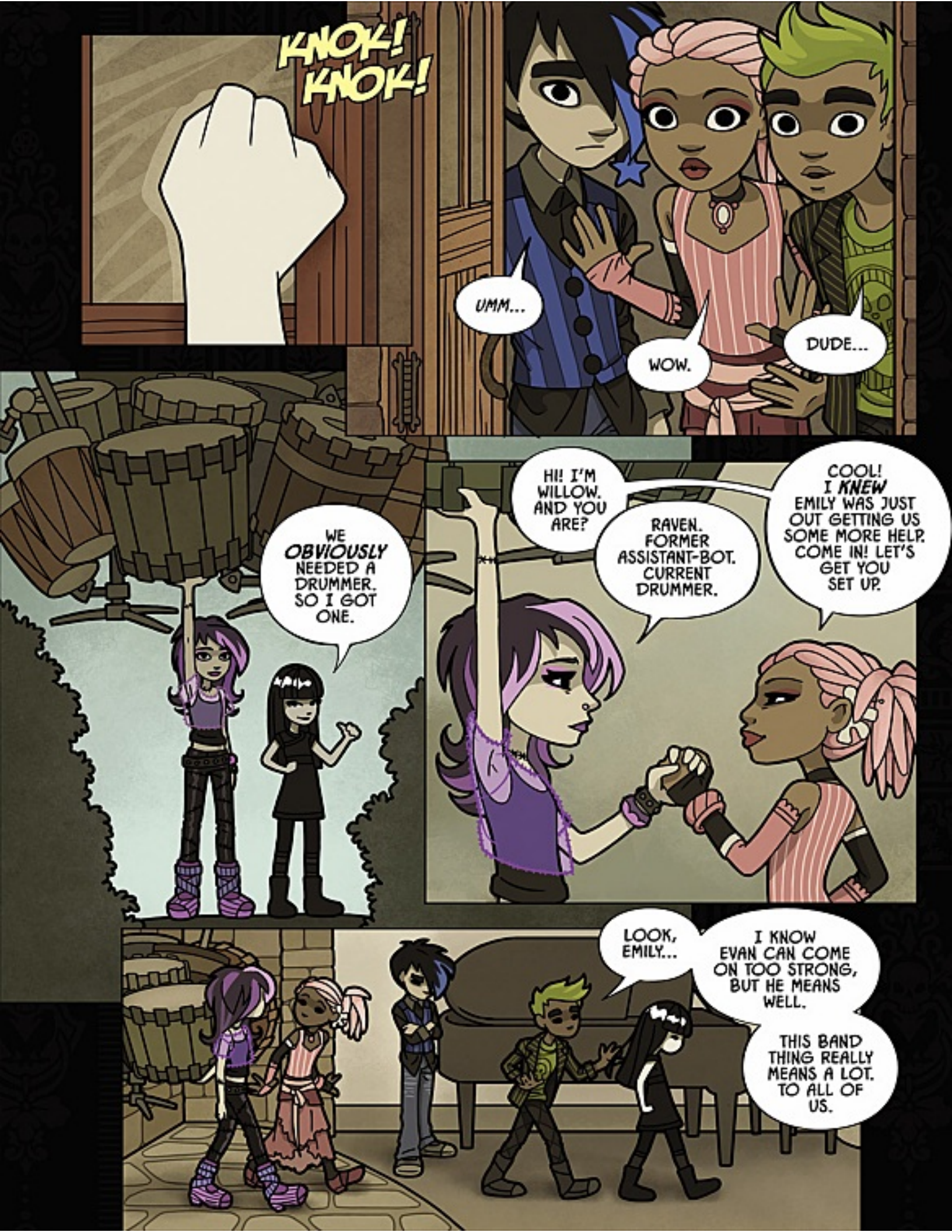
Several (frustrating) hours later...
WE SOUND KINDA...UM... DISJOINTED?
UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE ZORKING CENTURY.
THIS WOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM IF WE HAD A PLAN.
ANY MORE GREAT IDEAS, EMILY?
YEAH, ONE.
SINCE YOU'RE SO PERFECT, DO THIS ON YOUR OWN.
I'M OUT.
I SHOULD'VE KNOWN THIS WAS A MISTAKE...
NICE ONE, DUDE...

WHAT A ZORKDRAPPING WASTE OF TIME.
MR. STICK-UP-HIS-FIZZWIT WOULDN'T KNOW ROCK IF IT SMACKED HIM UPSIDE THE HEAD.
Scratch THIS
I BET NO ONE EVER TOLD PROFESSA KRAKEN HE NEEDED A "PLAN."
THEY JUST DON'T GET IT.
KRAKEN
SYMPHONIES
1984-1989
EMILY? LONG TIME, NO SEE!
RAVEN??
WHOA. BLAST FROM THE PAST.

IT'S BEEN A WHILE.
I HEARD YOUR SONG ON THE RADIO. PRETTY ROCKIN'.
HAVE YOUR BAND TOGETHER YET?
KRAKEN
OCEANS
SYMPHONIES
RAVEN WAS MY FIRST AND LAST EXPERIMENT WITH MAKIN' A HUMANISH BOT.
DIDN'T QUITE GO THE WAY I WANTED.
WELL... SORT OF... NO.
SHE'S CHANGED. SHE USED TO BE SO... WELL...MACHINE.
I KNOW THAT LOOK. C'MON, LET'S GET SOME COFFEE. I'LL BUY.
I GUESS I CAN SPARE A MINUTE.
THIS DAY JUST KEEPS GETTING STRANGER.

WHEN I WAS WITH YOU, I KNEW EXACTLY WHAT I WAS DOING, ALL THE TIME.
WELL, YEAH. THAT WAS WHY I MADE YOU. TO DO THE STUFF I DIDN'T WANT TO.
BECAUSE YOU PROGRAMMED ME TO DO WHATEVER YOU WANTED DONE.
"SCARIEST THING I EVER DID WAS WALK OUT THAT DOOR.
"NOT THAT YOU SEEMED TO NOTICE."
"WELL, I WAS BUSY..."
"I TOOK A LOT OF ODD JOBS.
"NOTHING EVER FELT, YOU KNOW, RIGHT.
EAT AT
"ONLY THING I SEEMED TO BE GOOD FOR WAS BRUTE STRENGTH."
BUT THEN I FOUND THIS PLACE.
AND I REMEMBERED ALL THE MUSIC YOU USED TO PLAY IN THE LAB.
SO I STARTED WORKING HERE, AND I SAVED UP ENOUGH FOR A DRUM SET...

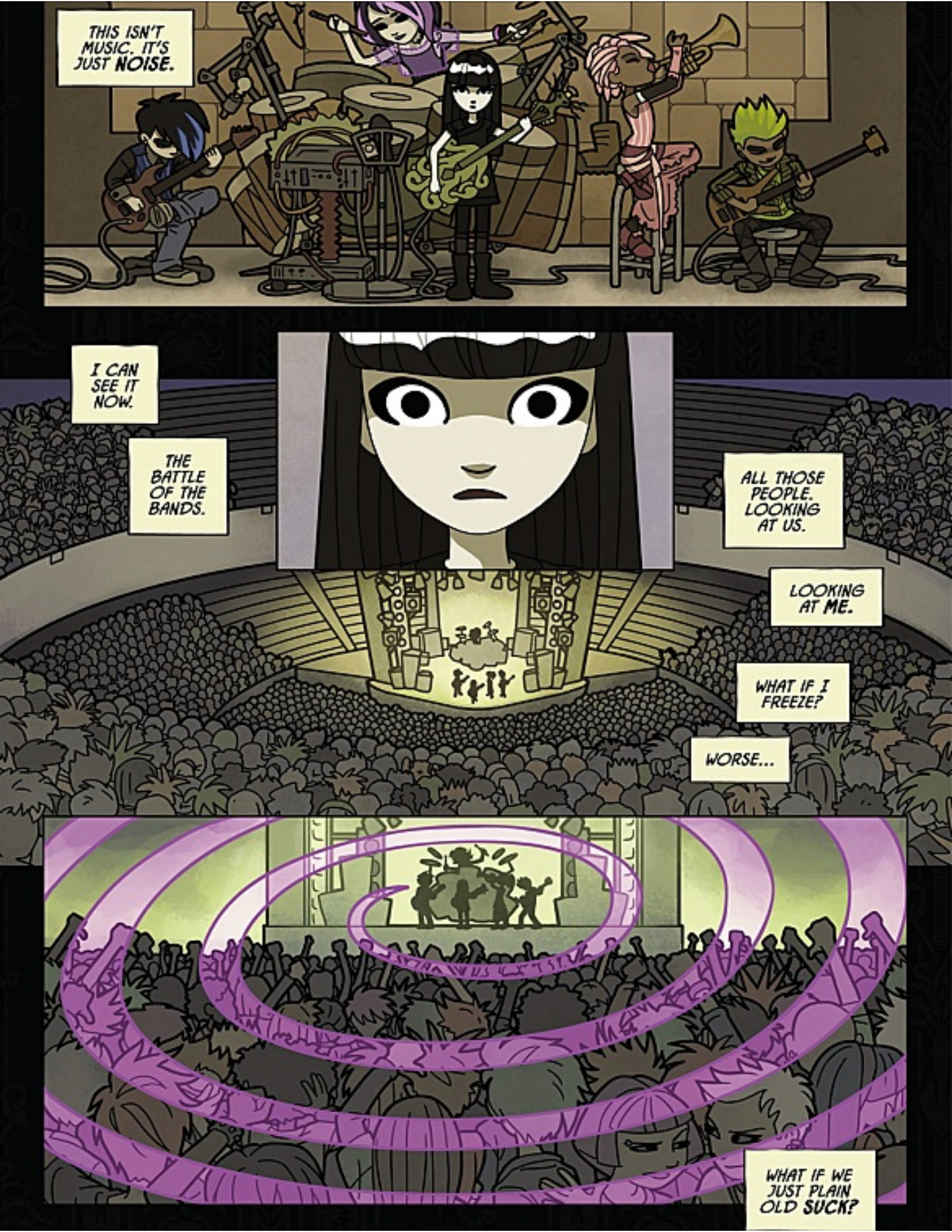
WHAT AM I, THE HOME FOR MISFIT MUSICIANS?
I GET IT. YOU WANT IN ON MY BAND.
WELL, YEAH. UNLESS YOU HAVE A DRUMMER ALREADY.
BESIDES, WOULDN'T IT BE NICE TO WORK TOGETHER AGAIN?
I DUNNO. I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL WITH THAT LOT.
THEY'RE A MEGA-DISASTER.
ZORK. SHE HAS A POINT. I DIDN'T PROGRAM HER FOR THAT.
MAYBE YOU'RE NOT GIVING THEM A FAIR SHOT.
WELL, IT WAS ONLY A FEW HOURS...
...MAYBE THEY'VE PULLED THEMSELVES TOGETHER BY NOW.
YOU CAN COME WITH, I GUESS. WE COULD USE A DRUMMER WITH YOUR...SPECIAL SKILLS.
GREAT! I'LL GET MY KIT.


KNOK! KNOK!
UMM...
WOW.
DUDE...
WE OBVIOUSLY NEEDED A DRUMMER. SO I GOT ONE.
HI! I'M WILLOW. AND YOU ARE?
RAVEN. FORMER ASSISTANT-BOT. CURRENT DRUMMER.
COOL! I KNEW EMILY WAS JUST OUT GETTING US SOME MORE HELP. COME IN! LET'S GET YOU SET UP.
LOOK, EMILY...
I KNOW EVAN CAN COME ON TOO STRONG, BUT HE MEANS WELL.
THIS BAND THING REALLY MEANS A LOT. TO ALL OF US.

ALL COOL NOW? LET'S GET BACK TO WORK!
MAYBE. BUT I'M BACK NOW. FOR NOW.
WINSTON HAS A POINT. I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID WHAT I DID.
BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE WALKED OUT LIKE THAT, EITHER.
FOLLOW MY LEAD.
THIS IS WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO:
GET SET UP. PLAY YOUR BEST. AND MOST IMPORTANTLY...

I CAN FEEL THE THRUMMING OF THE GUITAR RIGHT ON UP TO THE ROOTS IN MY HAIR.
IT'S LIKE THE PROFESSA'S IN THE ROOM.
I CATCH THE BEAT, THE WAVE. THE MUSIC IS EVERYWHERE.

IN MY GROOVE. IN THE ZONE.
WAIT...
I'M LOSING IT. WHAT'S THAT ZORKING SOUND?
SOMETHING IS VERY WRONG HERE.


THIS ISN'T MUSIC. IT'S JUST NOISE.
I CAN SEE IT NOW.
THE BATTLE OF THE BANDS.
ALL THOSE PEOPLE. LOOKING AT US.
LOOKING AT ME.
WHAT IF I FREEZE?
WORSE...
WHAT IF WE JUST PLAIN OLD SUCK?

STOP!!!
WHAT?
WHY?! THAT WAS AWESOME!
WE WERE JUST TRYING TO...
...FOLLOW YOUR LEAD...
I HATE TO POINT OUT THE OBVIOUS HERE, BUT NO ONE ELSE'S NOTICED WE SOUND AWFUL?
LIKE, WHAT HUCKBATTING SONG ARE YOU GUYS PLAYING?? NOT MINE, THAT'S FOR SURE.
EVAN, YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'RE AT SOME BORING OLD RECITAL.
WE ALL GET IT, YOU'RE THE SUPER PERFECT PIANO GUY. BUT ON THE GUITAR, IT'S LIKE YOU'RE JUST GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS.
AND WINSTON, I DIG PUNK TOO, BUT YOU'RE ON SOME OTHER PLANET.
IT CAN'T JUST BE NOISE. IT HAS TO DO SOMETHING.

IF YOU WANT TO BE A REAL MUSICIAN, RAVEN, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO STOP PLAYING LIKE YOU'RE STILL A TOASTER.
AND WILLOW, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO YOU BECAUSE I CAN'T HEAR YOU OVER ANYONE ELSE.
WE'RE A ROCK BAND, NOT SMOOTH JAZZ.
WHY DID I AGREE TO THIS? I KNEW IT WOULD BE A DISASTER.
IT'S LIKE HERDING CATS, ONLY AT LEAST CATS ARE USEFUL. SOMETIMES.
WE'RE JUST NOT COMPATIBLE. I SHOULD'VE STUCK IT OUT ON MY OWN.
YOU GUYS JUST HAVE TO GET BETTER. NOW.
MAYBE IT'S YOU WHO NEEDS TO WORK ON YOUR TUNE.
WHAT?

YOU ARE SUCH A FIZZWIT!
AND YOU CLEARLY DON'T CARE ABOUT MUSIC. AT ALL. WE'LL DO THIS WITHOUT YOU.
YEAH? WITHOUT ME YOU'RE JUST DEAD WEIGHT.
COME ON, GUYS, LET'S PRACTICE. WE DON'T NEED HER.
UH...WE KINDA DO. SHE WON THE GUITAR.
UH-OH...
I DON'T THINK THIS WHOLE BAND THING IS WORKING, EVAN. I'D RATHER SIT IN MY OWN GARAGE THAN DEAL WITH THIS.
FINE! NO BAND! IT'S OVER!
FINE! I'M DONE!
OKAY, ENOUGH! I'VE HAD IT. YOU'RE BOTH BEING TERRIBLE.

WE DON'T NEED PRACTICE. I MEAN, WE DO NEED PRACTICE, BUT FIRST, WE HAVE TO PULL IT TOGETHER--AND I KNOW JUST HOW TO DO IT.
WHAT WE NEED IS TO GO BACK TO OUR ROOTS.
WE NEED...

"...PROFESSA KRAKEN."
To Be Continued...

THE STRANGE EXCHANGE

Olé, Oddballs!

So, where do you put the odds on the Strangers lasting through issue three? Of course, I could tell you, but then I'd have to kill you—and if I did that, who'd be left to read the comic? It's the worst kind of conundrum!

Homicide aside, what did you think of the rest of the band? I love 'em all, but I'm particularly coveting Winston's outfit—if I ever find the perfect green harlequin jeans, I might have to try out some office cosplay!

First, though, your letters:

Dear Strangers,
Emily and the Strangers has been an excellent series. I can only hope more spooky madness comes from the world of Emily the Strange. Creepy cats, mysterious objects, and humor are just a few of the reasons this is a book to be reread by everyone and for all ages to enjoy. Strange is the new cool.

Daniel Bellay
Fairmont, WV

Looks like I'm ahead of the curve for once, then! Thanks, Daniel—hope you dug #2 every bit as much!

Dear Dark Horse Lords,
Actually . . . can I take that intro back? It makes you seem like some kind of evil version of Rohan. That . . . and I didn't include "Ladies" . . . but . . . that would have made things more confusing about the Rohan thing. So . . . I guess never mind or something.

Anyway, I have a confession. I am bombardically GEEKING OUT over the prospect of having the first edition of Emily (&) the Strange(rs) in my hands. I'm going to hoist it over my head and make video game noises. I mean . . . the concept alone! Not to mention where it could go! The staff too!

So. I'm psyched. Emily (&) the Strange(rs) seems destined for greatness. I can't wait. Literally. "car engine starts"

Cameron Bingham

Watch out for hop-ons! Full disclosure: Cameron's an old-school friend of the Strange, who saw our call for letters and ran to the rescue. We've edited his missive a wee bit for length, but trust us that the spirit remains intact!

But letters aren't all we've got this week—read on for some rad fan art from Emily's Facebook buds:

And that's all we've got for this one, folks. Stay strange, and rock on—and I'll see you on the home stretch!

Rachel Edidin, Editor

The battle of the bands and a very STRANGE finale, in *EMILY AND THE STRANGERS #3* ON SALE 3/27/2013

WRITE TO US AT:
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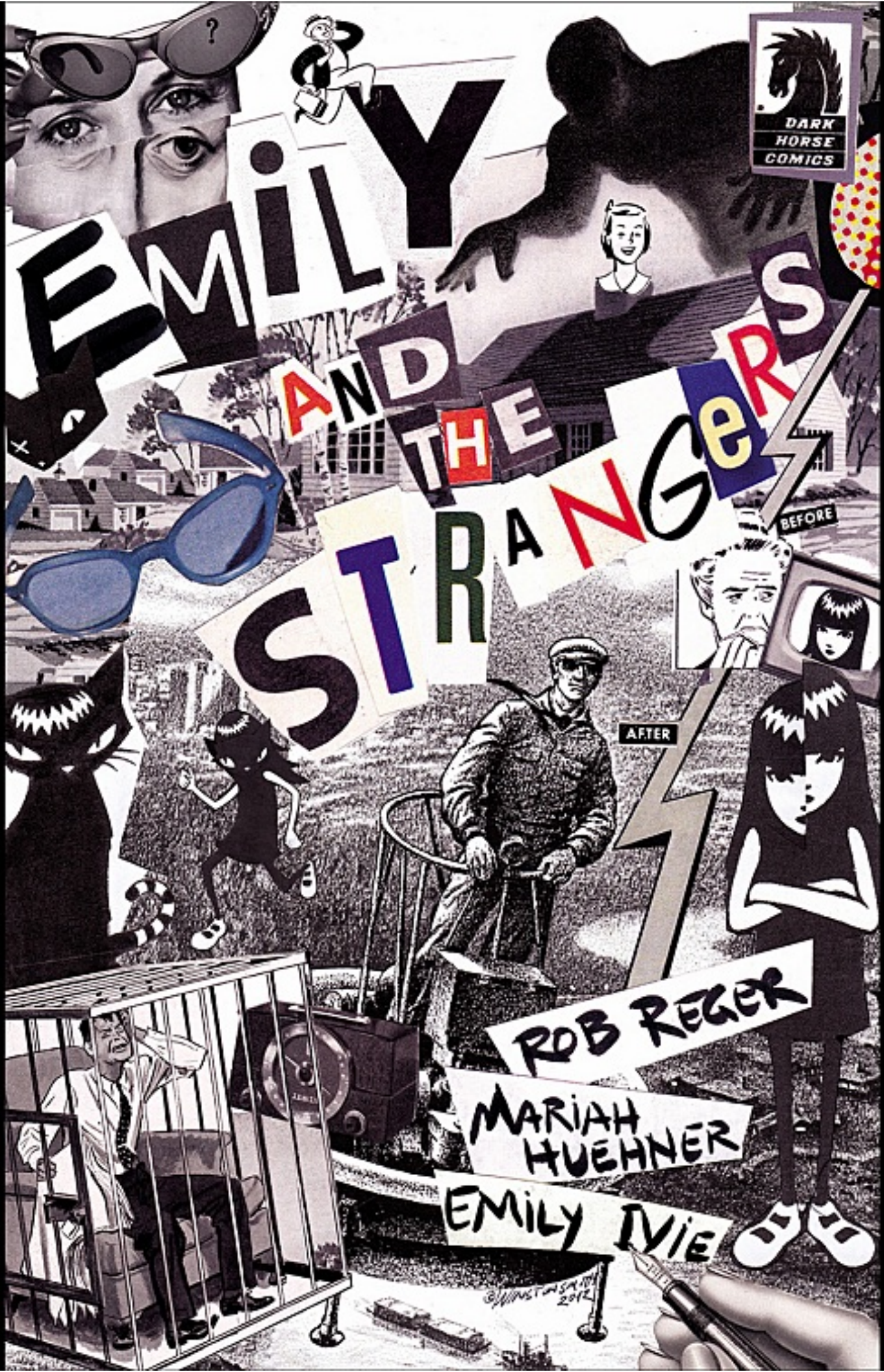
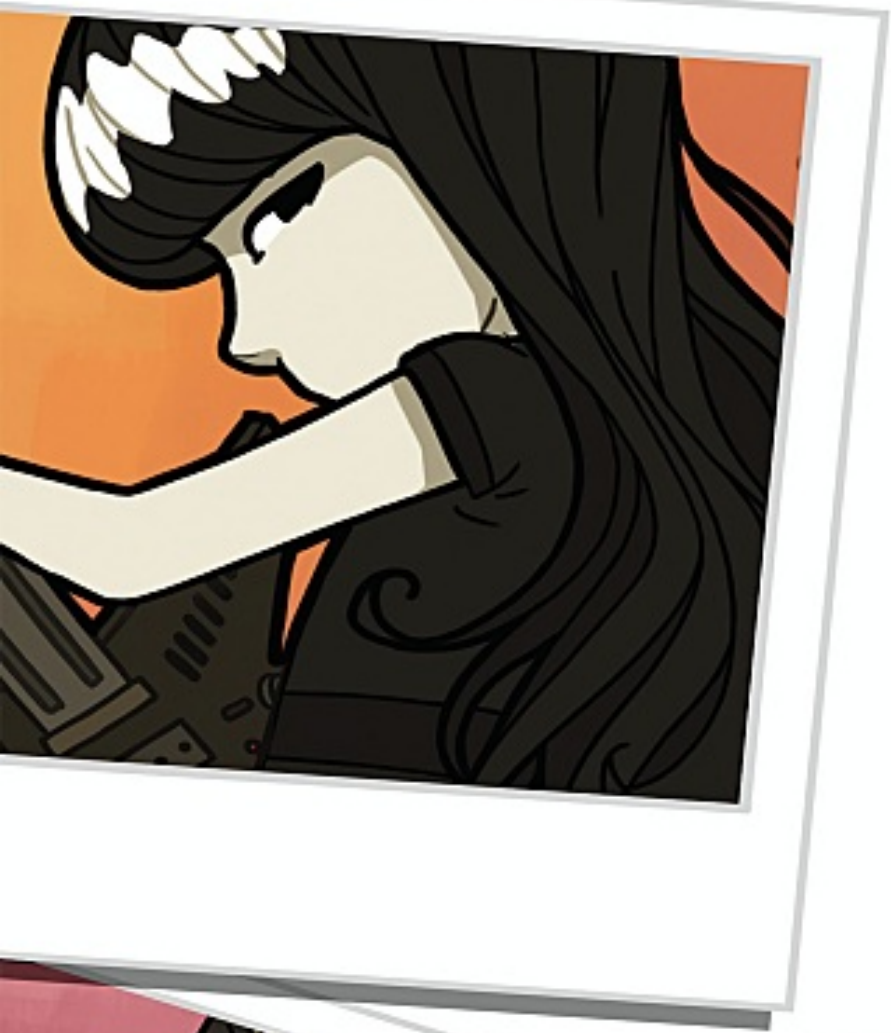

DARK HORSE COMICS
EMILY AND THE STRANGERS
BEFORE
AFTER
ROB REGER
MARIAH HUEHNER
EMILY IVIE

DARK HORSE COMICS
#3
Emily®
AND the StrangeRS
Rob Reger
Mariah Huehner
Emily Ivie

Emily® and the Strangers #3 of 3



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I'M EMILY THE STRANGE. INVENTOR, CAT WRANGLER, AND TROUBLEMAKIN' ALMOST ROCK STAR.
I ENTERED A RADIO CONTEST TO WIN THE HAUNTED GUITAR OF PROFESSA KRAKEN.
AND I WON. OF COURSE.
THERE WAS A CATCH. TO KEEP THE GUITAR, I HAD TO GET A BAND TOGETHER.
THE FIRST MEMBER WAS EVAN STRANGER. HE'S SORT OF A PRODIGY. IN HIS OWN WAY.
WINSTON AND WILLOW ARE TWINS, AND THAT'S ABOUT WHERE THE SIMILARITIES STOP.
RAVEN IS A GIRLBOT I MADE AWHILE BACK.
EVAN
RAVEN
WE ALL JUST CAN'T SEEM TO WORK TOGETHER.
BUT I DON'T WANT TO LOSE THIS GUITAR, SO...
...WILLOW CAME UP WITH A PLAN: TALK TO PROFESSA KRAKEN. WHICH SHOULD BE INTERESTIN', 'CAUSE HE'S DEAD...

SEE? THE GUITAR KNOWS I'M RIGHT.
WE JUST HAVE TO ASK THE RIGHT QUESTION.
TWINGGG
YEAH? AND HOW DO YOU ASK A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT A QUESTION?
WHAT ABOUT A SÉANCE?
I DON'T SPEAK GUITAR, WILLOW.
THAT'S HOW YOU CALL GHOSTS, RIGHT?
WRRRM
I THINK YOU ALL SHOULD COME BACK TO MY LAB.
LET'S RAISE OURSELVES A ROCK-GOD GHOST.

IT'S WEIRD, HAVING ALL THESE PEOPLE IN MY LAB.
I NEVER LET, YOU KNOW, HUMANS IN.
FEELS KIND OF...EXPOSED.
YOU'VE SURE GOT A LOT OF CATS, EMILY...
SO, WHAT'S NEXT?
THIS.
ZAP!
TIME TO WAKE THE DEAD.

HMMM
SO. WHAT DO WE DO, EXACTLY?
MAYBE WE SHOULD SING SOMETHING?
DO WE NEED A CRYSTAL BALL?
WHERE'S THAT HUMMING COMING FROM?
HMMMM
DON'T BE STUPID.
THAT'S WHAT THE BOOK IS FOR.
THIS ISN'T MY FIRST TIME DEALIN' WITH THE DEARLY DEPARTED.
I CALL UPON THE SPIRIT WORLD, THE DEAD OF NIGHT, AND ALL THINGS STRANGE AND UNUSUAL!
IN THIS HOUR THE DEAD SHALL RISE AND SPEAK TO ME--
--I MEAN, TO US!
I, EMILY THE STRANGE, COMMAND IT!
SHOW YOURSELF, PROFESSA KRAKEN!
OOPS.
ER...
UH-OH.
WELL...
DRAPPLES.

THAT SHOULD'VE WORKED. IT ALWAYS HAS BEFORE!
IT'S OKAY, EMILY. IT'S A SÉANCE. MAYBE WE JUST NEED SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE... SEDATE.
YEAH, LIKE A POEM OR SOMETHING.
OR MAYBE JUST, YOU KNOW, HIS NAME.
I THINK WE SHOULD TRY PLAYING THE GUITAR.
SERIOUSLY. WHAT BETTER WAY TO GET THE PROFESSA?
CAN'T HURT.
PROFESSA KRAKEN! WE NEED YOU! IN THE NAME OF ROCK 'N' ROLL!
THRUMMM
AND...STILL NOTHING.
WHAT?
OH.

I WAS JUST CONTEMPLATING THE RHYTHMS OF SILENCE...
...WHILE VISITING THE OUTER EDGES OF NOISE AND SOUND...
...WHEN I THOUGHT I HEARD MY NAME.
YOU RANG?

I THOUGHT HE'D BE TALLER...
HOLY--
DRAPPLES!
I WISH I WERE BLUE...
WHOA.
I SENSE DISCORDANCE. I CAN SMELL IT.
ASK MS. BOSSY-PANTS.
SHUT IT, JUNIOR.
I THOUGHT SO.
I WON YOUR GUITAR IN THIS ZORKING CONTEST BATTLE THING, BUT IN ORDER TO KEEP IT, I NEEDED A BAND. AND WE HAVE TO WIN THIS BATTLE OF THE BANDS.
WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT KNOW HOW WE CAN DO THAT.
IS THAT ALL?
WELL...
I GUESS WE NEED... I NEED... HELP.
THE SOUND ISN'T WORKING, AND WE DON'T KNOW WHY.

SOMETHING TELLS ME IT WASN'T EASY FOR YOU TO SAY THAT.
I'M USED TO DOING THINGS MY WAY.
NO KIDDING...
DUDE, NOT NOW.
MAY I?
UMM...
EMILY!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. HERE.
JUST DON'T BREAK IT.
SERIOUSLY?
GOT TO ADMIRE HER 'TUDE.
DO WE?
THANK YOU.
IN MANY WAYS, THIS GUITAR IS ME.
I PLAYED IT, LOVED IT, AND WHEN I DIED, PART OF MY SOUL WENT WITH IT. IT'S BEEN KEEPING ME IN TUNE WITH YOUR LITTLE PROBLEM.
SO LET'S HAVE A LISTEN AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DO.

STRHMMM WHAWUUM
AHHHH.
I THINK...
YES... I'VE GOT IT.
THE TROUBLE IS THIS...
YOU DON'T APPRECIATE YOURSELVES OR EACH OTHER.
YOU'RE ALL PARTS OF A WHOLE.
WILLOW, YOU'VE THE HEART AND SOUL OF A TRUE-BLUE FRIEND.
YOU JUST NEED TO REMEMBER YOU DON'T NEED TO BLEND. LET THEM HEAR YOU.
RAVEN, THE BEAT IS MORE THAN A PROGRAM--
--IT'S WHO YOU ARE.
WINSTON, YOU'RE BRAVE AND BOLD. JUST REMEMBER, MUSIC IS MORE THAN NOISE.
LET IT BREATHE.

EVAN, YOU'VE GOT THE TALENT, THE DRIVE, AND THE TRAINING TO BE ONE OF THE GREATS.
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO LOOSEN UP, MY MAN. MUSIC AIN'T ALL ABOUT PERFECTION. MESSING UP IS PART OF THE FUN.
AND AS FOR YOU, EMILY...
WHAT?
...I THINK YOU NEED TO SEE FOR YOURSELF.
SEE WHAT?
THIS.

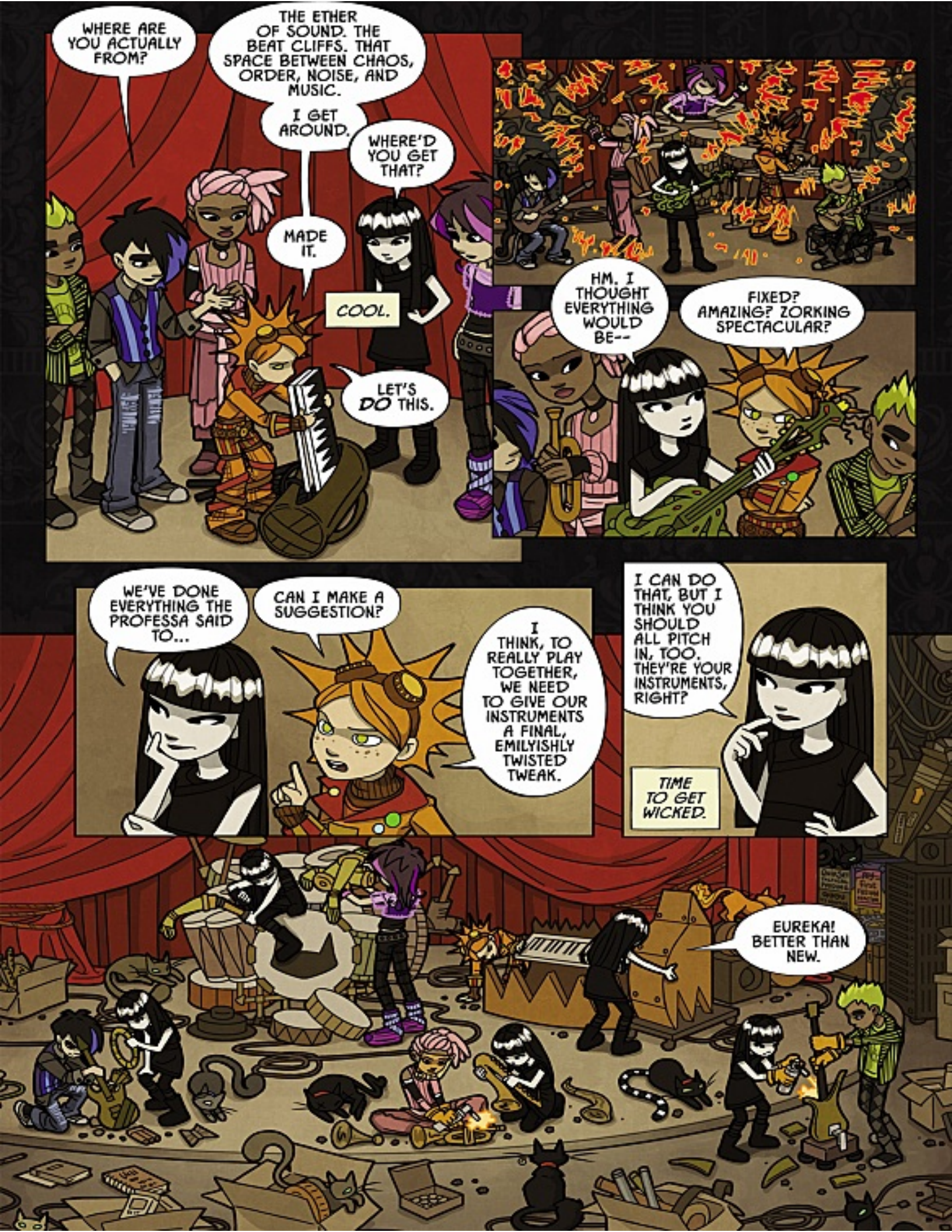
FEEL THAT?
YES...
THAT'S THE HEART OF ROCK. IT WILL GUIDE YOU.
IT WILL MAKE YOU, AND THEM, SOMETHING MORE.
UNDERSTAND?
SORT OF?
YOU'RE ALL PARTS OF A WHOLE. AND YOU'RE STILL MISSING A PIECE. LET THE MUSIC SHOW YOU WHAT YOU NEED.
THIS IS YOURS NOW.
THANK YOU.
YOU CAN DO IT, EMILY. TRUST THEM.
WHOA.
I FELT THAT IN MY CIRCUITS.
NOW WHAT?
BASICALLY, IT'S NOT SOMETHING THAT WE'RE MISSING--
--IT'S SOMEONE.

PROFESSA KRAKEN TOLD ME TO LISTEN TO THE BEAT. AND I DID.
WE NEED ONE MORE MEMBER. BUT WE'RE NOT GONNA FIND THEM.
WE'RE GONNA *MAKE* 'EM. USING BITS OF ALL OF *US*.
EVERYONE READY?
ALL IN
THE PROFESSA'S FIRST ALBUM. STILL MINT.
PROFESSA KRAKEN
THE WAY OF ROCK
THAT'S THE LAST BIT, SOMETHING WE CAN *ALL* RELATE TO.

WOOOOOOOOSHH
UH...
SHOULDN'T SOMETHING'VE HAPPENED?
SHOULD WE...SAY SOMETHING?
LIKE WHAT? ABRACADABRA?
WELL, THAT'S A LETDOWN.
DID THE PROFESSA FORGET TO TELL US SOMETHING?
MAYBE WE JUST NEED A MIN--
KNOK KNOK

A LITTLE LATE FOR VISITORS...
I'LL GET RID OF WHOEVER IT IS...
UM. HI?
I'M TRILOGY. YOU CALLED?
YOU'RE KIND OF... SHORT.
SMALL PACKAGE, BIG SKILLS.
SO, CAN I COME IN, OR ARE WE GONNA PRACTICE OUT HERE?

YES! COME IN! YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW HAPPY WE ARE TO SEE YOU!
HOLD ON. HOW DO WE KNOW THE PROFESSA SENT HER? SHE COULD BE ANYONE.
DID WE MAKE HER? OR WAS SHE ALWAYS THERE?
DUDE, DON'T. I'M GETTING A HEADACHE.
IF YOU'RE FOR REAL, YOU NEED TO PROVE IT. WHAT WAS PROFESSA KRAKEN'S FIRST SINGLE OFF HIS FIRST ALBUM, *THE WAY OF ROCK*?
TRICK QUESTION. *THE WAY OF ROCK* WAS HIS FIRST SOLO ALBUM. BEFORE THAT HE WAS BRIEFLY IN THE BAND TENTACULARITY, WHICH HAD ONE HIT SINGLE, "A CAT NAMED MONKEY." THEY BROKE UP SOON AFTER, AND THE PROFESSA WENT ON TO DO *THE WAY OF ROCK*. THE FIRST HIT SINGLE OFF ***THAT*** WAS "CEPHALOPODIC HARMONIC."
IS THAT TRUE?
...YEAH.
WOW. EVEN *I* DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT...
OKAY, SO YOU KNOW THE PROFESSA. BUT CAN YOU ACTUALLY ***PLAY*** ANYTHING?
LET ME SHOW YOU...


WHERE ARE YOU ACTUALLY FROM?
THE ETHER OF SOUND. THE BEAT CLIFFS. THAT SPACE BETWEEN CHAOS, ORDER, NOISE, AND MUSIC.
I GET AROUND.
WHERE'D YOU GET THAT?
MADE IT.
COOL.
LET'S DO THIS.
HM. I THOUGHT EVERYTHING WOULD BE--
FIXED? AMAZING? ZORKING SPECTACULAR?
WE'VE DONE EVERYTHING THE PROFESSA SAID TO...
CAN I MAKE A SUGGESTION?
I THINK, TO REALLY PLAY TOGETHER, WE NEED TO GIVE OUR INSTRUMENTS A FINAL, EMILYISHLY TWISTED TWEAK.
I CAN DO THAT, BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD ALL PITCH IN, TOO. THEY'RE YOUR INSTRUMENTS, RIGHT?
TIME TO GET WICKED.
EUREKA! BETTER THAN NEW.

HEY, THIS SOUNDS AMAZING!
I ALWAYS WANTED MORE ARMS!
COOL, A BOW!
EMILY, YOU'RE THE BEST!
SWEET!
ONE...
TWO...
READY?
ROCK!
AT FIRST, IT ALL SOUNDED LIKE NOISE.
BUT THEN... SOMETHING... HAPPENED.
SUDDENLY, WE WERE ROCKIN'.
IS IT ME OR DID THAT SOUND REALLY... GREAT?
THE BEAT JUST HUMMED, RIGHT?
I KNOW! WE SOUND LIKE A REAL BAND.
I COULD FEEL THE MUSIC IN MY HEAD.
YEAH. IT TASTED ALL... BLUE.
I THINK THIS MIGHT ACTUALLY WORK.

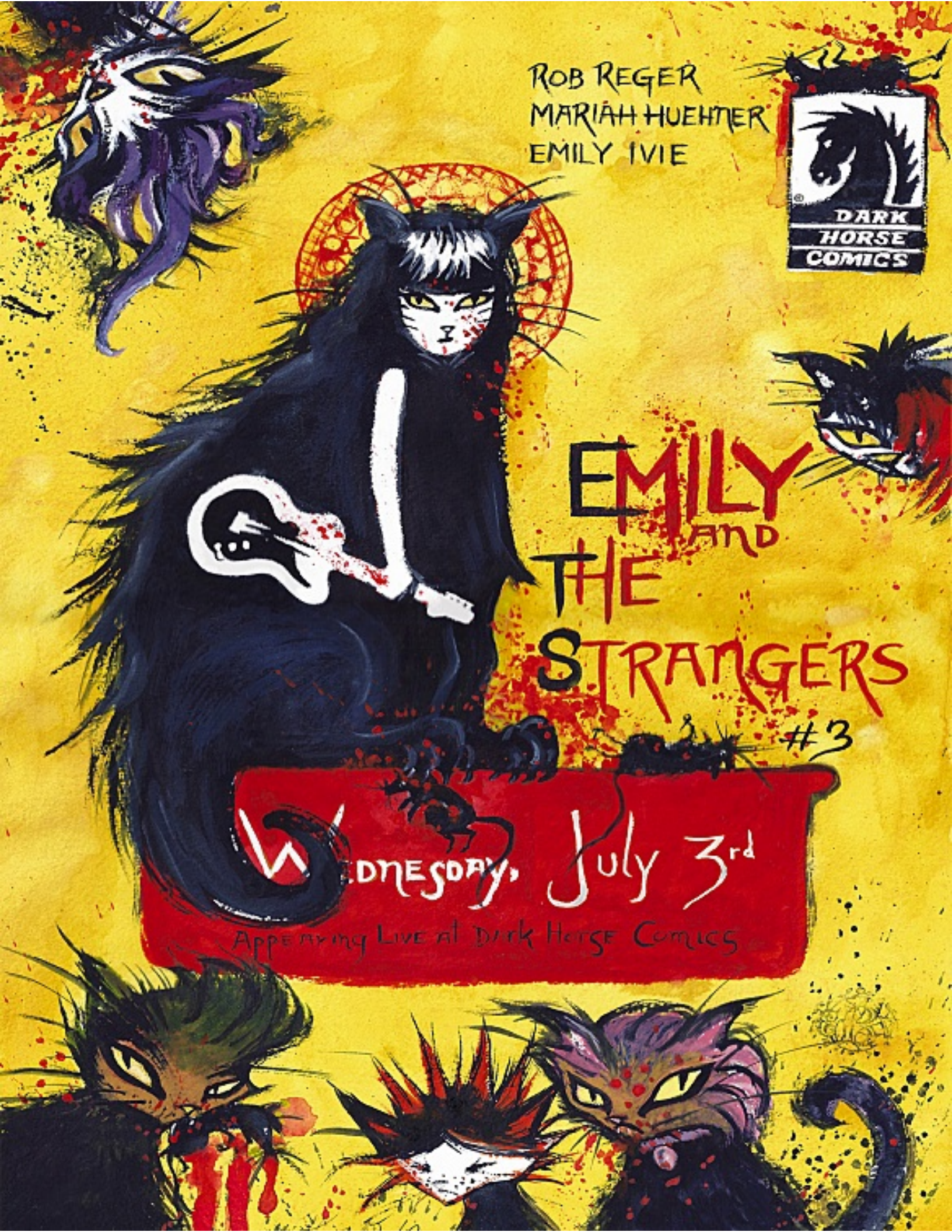
ALL THESE COOKIE-CUTTER BANDS--THEY'VE GOT NOTHIN' ON US.
WE CAN TAKE 'EM. I KNOW IT.
SO WHY DO I WANT TO THROW UP?
BATTLE OF THE BANDS
CHECK-IN
WOW. THEY LOOK SO GROWN UP.
I THINK I'VE SEEN THAT GUY ON TV.
THEY'RE ALL TOTAL SELLOUTS.
HEY, LOOK! CATS!
I THINK I FORGOT MY LUCKY DRUMSTICKS.
MAYBE I SHOULD'VE DRESSED UP...
FOCUS, GUYS.
I SHOULD TUNE MY GUITAR AGAIN. I'VE ONLY DONE IT FOUR TIMES TODAY...
HAS ANYONE SEEN MY LUCKY DRAGON EYEBALL?
HERE, KITTY, KITTY...
IT'S JUST, THEY ALL LOOK SO PROFESSIONAL...
WE MADE THIS BAND, TOGETHER.
THEY THINK THEY'VE GOT THIS LOCKED DOWN.
WE'LL SHOW 'EM.
AND NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, WE ARE GOING TO ROCK TONIGHT.

I HATE WAITING. IT'S TORTURE.
BAD MEH OK GOOD AWESOME
APPLAUSE
BUT I KNOW WE CAN BEAT THESE GUYS.
BAD MEH OK GOOD AWESOME
APPLAUSE
BAD MEH OK GOOD AWESOME
APPLAUSE
WE HAVE TO.
BAD MEH OK GOOD AWESOME
APPLAUSE
EMILY AND THE STRANGERS? YOU'RE NEXT!
EEP!
DON'T WORRY. WE GOT THIS, SIS.
RIGHT ON.
WE'RE RIGHT HERE WITH YOU, EMILY.
LET'S SHOW 'EM.
SHOWTIME.

IT'S NOW OR NEVER, GUYS.
LET'S SHOW THESE SCUDMUFFINS HOW TO *REALLY* ROCK!
♫ CALLING ALL GUITARS--BRING IN ALL YOUR FRIENDS--TURNING OFF THE LIGHTS--THAT'S HOW IT BEGINS--♪
♫ FIRST WE GET TOGETHER--THEN WE FALL APART--MIC-CHECK FEEDBACK--THE SHOW'S ABOUT TO START--♪
♪ I'M ALIVE IN MY MIND--IN MY MIND I'M ALIVE-- MY LIFE IS MY INVENTION--♪
BAD
MEH
OK
GOOD
AWESOME
APPLAUSE
STRANGERS!
STRANGERS!
STRANGERS

AND THEN...
♪ IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME--IN THIS LIFE OF MINE--CRAZY MUSIC-- STRANGE IS NOT A CRIME-- ♫
♪ I'M ALIVE IN MY MIND--IN MY MIND I'M ALIVE-- MY LIFE IS MY INVENTION-- ♫
...WE DID IT.
WE BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN.
S! STRANGERS! STRANGERS! STRANGERS! STRANGE

WELL! WE HAVE A CLEAR WINNER! EMILY AND THE STRANGERS! WOW!
WE JUST WITNESSED SOMETHING AMAZING, FOLKS.
DUDE, YOU HAVE NO IDEA.
YOU'VE DONE MORE THAN WIN THIS BATTLE. BECAUSE THE GRAND PRIZE IS--A RECORD CONTRACT!
HOLY. DRAPPLES.
WHAT DO YOU GUYS THINK?
ARE WE A TEAM?
ROCK ON!
ALWAYS!
YEAH!
STRANGERS FOREVER!
YOU BET YOUR ZORKING BUTT!
RIGHT...
...TIME TO ROCK THE WORLD.
The End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MARIAH HUEHNER
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DARK HORSE COMICS
EMILY AND THE STRANGERS
#3
WEDNESDAY, July 3rd
Appearing Live at Dark Horse Comics

THE STRANGE EXCHANGE

So, that's a wrap for *Emily and the Strangers*! They've bested the battle of the bands and their first full story arc—what a bunch of pros!

I also want to take this chance to offer a huge hand to the other band behind *Emily and the Strangers*: creative team Rob Reger, Mariah Huehner, Emily Ivie, and Nate Piekos; guest superstar cover artists R. Black, Winston Smith, and Cynthia von Buhler; and, working hard from the wings, assistant editor Jemiah Jefferson, designer Tina Alessi, digital art technician Jason Rickerd, and proofreader Annie Gullion. Some of these guys are seasoned *Emily* vets; others, newcomers; but if there were a battle of the comic-book bands, I'm pretty sure they'd win by a landslide.

And how could I forget the rockingest letter writers this side of the solar system? Time to sound off, strangers:

Hey Cool Cats!

I saw the preview for Emily and the Strangers *#1 over at CBR [comicbookresources.com] a few weeks back. Glad I looked into this book. I immediately fell in love with Emily and her four black cats: Mystery, Miles, NeeChee, and Sabbath! Having just read the first issue I am just totally zorked at how much fun it is! I love the plot/story, characters, and detailed art. Emily's attitude, i.e., it's easier (and more fun) to do everything yourself, is a blast. I got a big laugh out of her comment, "My mind is a terrible thing to waste." Plus, the panels filled with charts, diagrams, musical instruments, cats, mystical knickknacks, and assorted teen clutter are a joy to examine and decipher. I enjoyed the inclusion of the eye-catching concert poster, too. Looking forward to the battle of the bands and how this plays out with Evan in issues #2 and 3. Seeing these two kids together reminds me of the beginnings of Within Temptation. LOL! Congrats to Rob, Mariah, and Ivie on a very cool comic book! I hope we get to see more of Emily and her cats beyond #3 of this series. Keep up the great work!*

Sentry 459
=^_^=

PS: Does Emily listen to Opeth?

While I can neither confirm nor deny Emily's specific musical influences, I will say that I spotted a suspiciously pale fan sneaking a small army of cats into their last all-ages show at the Roseland. Draw your own conclusions.

Dear Strangers,

Usually I don't talk to strangers, but I will make an exception for this comic book. A haunted guitar? That can't end well, can it? Those cats are a menace, always destroying Emily's inventions and probably holding her back from her big break . . . Way to go, cats! A battle of the bands will be a great zorking time; I can't wait to see how the cats will mess it up for all involved. Finally, what was with the runaway van that nearly destroyed Emily's demo?! That guy should totally be more careful!

Daniel Bellay

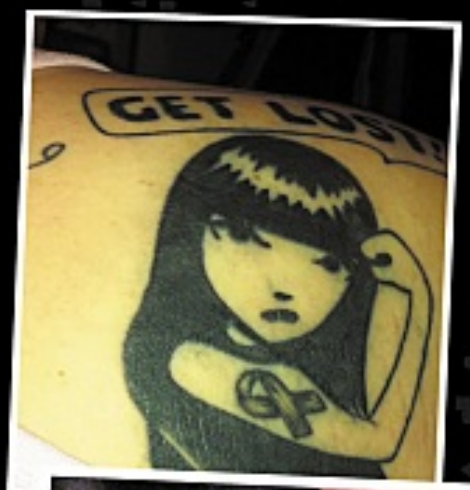
Hi there,

I have absolutely no artistic talent, but I do have two Emily the Strange tattoos that are super awesome, and filled with meaning! The first was to mark my remission from melanoma in 2011. Emily is flexing, with the melanoma ribbon on her arm stating Get Lost! Emily has been a great inspiration for rough times; her darkness makes light when her readers need it the most.

The second personifies my bond with my cat—the Emily the Strange best friends artwork. I would not be alive without my cat, literally. She detected my melanoma, and has been by my bedside through every sleepless night.

As I continue to fight this disease, I still find hope through the images of Emily, and find myself smiling when my world is so dark!

Thank you!
Lisa Lunney



Lisa, thanks for sharing your incredible ink—and the story behind it. Much love and best of luck to you and your feline friend!

That's all we've got room for this round, but we'll be back soon—keep watching the news, and, 'til then, see you in the funny pages!

Rachel

Rachel Edidin, Editor

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